

TO THAT MOST
LAMENTABLE
AND MOST
Incorrigible Scribler
B A V I U S.

U Nlucky Wretch, whom no Advice can Warn
From Rhiming of thy Self to publick Scorn :
Curs't at thy Birth ! And doom'd for all the rest :
Of thy strange Life, one everlasting Jest.

What *Dog-Star* Reign'd at thy Nativity
And Damn'd thee to an Itch of Poetry :
Thou wert extus'd, couldst thou but Write so well,
To Earn ten Groats for Dogrill at *Snow-hill* ;
Such little Helps thy Poverty does need ;
This wou'd supply thee with oft wanted Bread :
And of thy *Ghastly Phiz*, and *Loc'rum Jaws*,
'Tis Evident that *Hungar* is the Cause.
But fatal Wretch shou'dst thou till *Doomsday* Write,
'Tis so below all aime at Sense or Wit,
Thou cou'dst not get one Friendly Shilling by't.
But this last Piece, to thy immortal Shame
A hardn'd *Blockhead* has confirm'd thy Name :
And for dull Nonsense Celebrates thy Fame.

Methinks I see the Posture thou wert in
When this well maner'd Stuff thou didst begin :

*He lyes in a
Garrat at
Whitchall.*

When to thy *Pencive Garrat* thou art come,

To do thy *Necessary Jobbs* at home :

By Solitary Inch of Candle plac'd,

Thy *Stoken* neatly fitted to the *Last* ;

*Feeting his
Stockins.*

Thy Right-hand managing the *Needle* well,

Till Nonsense flows, then takest by turnes the *Quill*.

Thy double Talent thou at once dost show,

And Playst the *Poet* and the *Botcher* too :

*The Water
Poet.*

So *Taylor* did at once both *Rhym* and *Row*.

Surely by Nature thou shouldst have some Glimpse,

Some glimering Notion of a sort of Sense :

But Poverty has debac'd and dull'd thy Strain,

And Emptiness sent Fumes into thy Brain ;

This makes thee Rail in Language *Billings-gate*.

A *Wapping* Sculler vents more Jests for Wit.

Where Sense is wanting, truth should be Express,

That oft Atones for Wit and make some Jest :

But Lyes, Dull Lyes in Sawcy *Fishwives* strain,

Sutes only such a *Flounder-Mouth* as thine,

That Nautious Mouth, from Ear to Ear the extent,

Proper such Beastly Fulsome Stuff to vent,

'Tis Plague enough thy wretched Form to see

Shock not our Ears with Wretched Poetry.

So far below a *Gen-tle-man* to write,

Shows thee as poor in *Manners* as in *Wit*.

Suppose I thee *Pick-Pocket* shou'd call,

Or say thy *Mangy Carcass* in *Whitchall* ;

To

To thy Adjacent Neighbouring *Garrateer*,
 Were such a Nufance, as he cou'd not bear;
 (Tho' vilely out of *Linnen*, as we see,
 And Scanty *Wardrob* ly in *Lumbardy*)
 Or shou'd I call thee *Cheat*, or *Rogue*, and *Swear*
 (Cause *Shabby*) thou a *Bailiff-Follower* were:
 Wou'd such dull Railing pass upon the Town
 Be took for Wit, Jest, Satyr, or Lampoon?
 To say a Woman's Old, and call her Whore,
 Oh Dire Revenge! Some such dull Fops of yore,
 Have Treated thus thy Cheated Wife before.
 So vain a *Coxcombe* to upbraid my *Rhiming*
 Yet set down *Self* and *Help* for exact Chiming.
 My *Muse* disdains the servitude of *Rhimes*,
 She Writes true Sense and leaves to Fools the *Chimes*;
 Who have no other Motive for *Damn'd Lines*.

Why shou'd I think more Breeding to expect,
 Than those great Men thy *Libel* did Direct,
 Thou'st yet not made me so *Burlesque* a thing,
 As thy Vile Scandal represents the *K*.
 To think by thy Advice he would be rul'd,
 Was e're great Character to *Rediculd*
 And to compleat what thou before had said,
 Two large *Long Ears* thou'st fix'd upon his Head.
 As who to *Bavins* Politiques adheres;
 Deserv'd to be adorn'd with *Midus* Eares,
 Who so Accurs'd of Heaven, and all his Stars,
 To've not one Friend to tell him how he Errs:

Or art thou grown Incorrigable of late,
And turn'd to Fifty, Old and Obstinate,

Was there no *Footman* that could tell to Ten,
To mend thy for *to's*, and correct thy *Pen*.
To common Sense, thy Nonsense to Translate,
And Rescue thee from being Pointed at.
Or find out some Convenient *Wyth* to be,
The kind Result of all thy Misery:
Before thou'dst had the Fate to Encounter me.
Upon a meer suppose to rouse my *Muse*,
From her soft Theames of Love to rough Abuse.
Against my Nature, and below my Sense,
Deserves I shou'd Chastise thy Impudence:
But thou'rt a Tool, so far beneath my aim,
To touch but on thy *Merry Andrew* Name;
Gives thine Repute, and brings my *Muse* a Sham.

I'll Swear a hundred since I this began,
Cry'd — Damn the *Buffoon*, he's not worth thy *Pen*;
The Aversion of thy Sex, and Scorn of Men.
This did my Mind with kind Compassion fill,
And I in pitty drop'd my *Angry Quill*.

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